

I Wanna Sing, I Wanna Shout (I Wanna Scream Til The Words Dry Out) by janeelevenives83

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Drama, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-10-01 13:45:52

Updated: 2016-10-01 13:45:52

Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:39:38

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,264

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: El's back. The bad men are gone. The monster is dead. The Upside Down is far away. But the nightmares - The nightmares aren't going anywhere.

I Wanna Sing, I Wanna Shout (I Wanna Scream Til The Words Dry Out)

*Everything is dark, and cold. So, so cold. It looks like home... but I know it isn't. I want to scream. I want to yell. I want to let my insides come flooding out. But I don't. I know better than that. Letting my emotions out does nothing to help me. They just keep me anchored here even longer. So I stay silent, and walk out what is supposed to be the reflection of my room. In the hall, burn marks scorch the carpet, and coloured, broken glass is scattered over the floor. Reflections of the aftermath of November. In the right side up, they're gone. But here... here the horror stays put. Suddenly, I feel the hairs on the back of neck stand on end. No. I think. No. Eleven killed it, right? But then again, I realise, we don't know that. We just presumed she had. She hasn't talked about those 4 months. Can't blame her for that and if she had she's told Mike. So... No. No, No, No. Not again. It's dead. I start singing to myself, one of the only things I have found I can do without trapping myself. **If I go there will be trouble** It's dead. It has to be dead. We don't know that. **If I stay it will be double** It's gone. It can't hurt you. We don't know that. **So come on and let me know** Breathing. I hear faint, inhuman like breathing behind me. Don't turn around. It's dead. We don't know that. You don't need to turn around. But what if... I start to turn around slowly, still singing. **Darling, you gotta let me know...***

My eyes snap open. I'm home. *Real* home, not just a reflection. I want to scream. Or shout. Or cry. But I don't. Jonathan and mom already have enough on their hands, what with looking after El. *No. They don't need this too.* So I carry on singing quietly, waiting for the screaming. Waiting for my cue. Acting like nothing is wrong at all. Knowing that the truth is far from that...

Everything is black. No colour. No light. No sound. The complete opposite of my head right now. For some strange reason, I feel like I'm intruding. I shouldn't be having a nightmare here. This was never my hell. At the same time, though, I feel utterly alone and scared. Of what? I think. There's nothing here. But I still have the undeniable feeling that I'm not alone. There's something here. And I don't want to stick around to find out what. I begin to run, before stopping and laughing hysterically. There's no getting out of here on my own. How could I forget that? El was stuck here for

four months, and even she, the one with superpowers, couldn't get out without someone else helping her. What chance do I have? Now the feeling is really strong. It's not the monster. The Demogorgon's dead. El killed it. A thought comes to my mind, and I desperately try to push it away, but in vain. What if she didn't? Suddenly, a deafening screech echoes (But there's no walls?) around the space. I know what it is instantly, though I try to keep in a state of denial. That's when I see her. Eleven. Lying on the floor helplessly, blood running from her ears (Will wasn't bleeding) as the monster stalks towards its prey (Why choose Will?). Thoughts keep invading my mind as I stand frozen to the spot, fear overpowering the desperation to save her. It looms smugly (It has no face) over her powerless body (What about the proud princess?), its petal like head opening up (And those weird flowers in the cave?). Suddenly, the desperation building up inside me explodes out (What about the lost knight?) "Get away from her you bastard!"

I sit up, still shouting her name. Nancy rushes in and holds me close, but I keep shouting. "What about the lost knight? What about the proud princess? What about the weird flowers in the cave? WHY WILL?" I register that I probably sound like a crazy person, but there's method to the madness. I know there is. There's too many questions in my head, and if I don't get them out I'll faint. So I keep shouting. And Nancy keeps hugging me. We stay like that for a while. I think she's afraid that if she lets go of me, I'll go crazy again. I honestly can't blame her.

I'm surrounded in blackness. In the distance, I see mike. He's looking around. Confused. He can't see me... Good. He's not really here. I close my eyes, and when I open them again I'm no longer there. I'm in my old 'bedroom'... Papa comes through the large steel door. "Hello Eleven. It's time to get up. We have work to do." I want to run. I know what's about to happen. But my legs aren't obeying my mind. They're listening to him. I walk with him to an empty room, save for a steel chair, table and cage. "No." I whisper. I can barely hear myself. The cat hisses at me, sensing my powers. "Eleven. I want you to kill it." I shake my head, my voice louder this time. "No. No. NO." The men are carrying me to the dark room. I kick and scream and cry and shout for Papa to stop, to give me a chance, to let me try again. But he just looks at me. A look of disappointment. I failed him, and now I'm being punished. They throw me into the room, but I fight back. Now everything goes dark and hazy. Papa hold my face, an

evil fire sparking in his eye. "Incredible." I close my eyes again, and I'm in the tank. Papa stares at me, telling me to reach out. It can't hurt me. I want to laugh. That's bull. But my body isn't obeying my mind, and I'm lowered down. Then there's dark. Everything else is hazy. I remember screaming. I remember sirens. I remember screaming Papa's name. I remember that I opened the gate. Papa. Running. Screaming. Benny. The woods. Mike. The monster. Darkness. Gone. Not gone.

My eyes shoot open, and I'm still screaming his name. Joyce and Jonathan rush in, telling me that it's okay, that I'm going to be okay. That Papa's gone. I know they're wrong. I want to tell them they're wrong. But I can't stop screaming and screaming. I scream for Papa. I scream for Mike. I scream no. I scream to stop. I scream. Will stands at the door, and something in his face is reassuring. But not enough. I only calm down when Mike talks to me over the supercom, telling me everything is gonna be okay. I only manage to get out one sentence, but it makes everyone in the room freeze in terror, and Mike's breath catches on the radio. "The monster isn't gone."

A/N I hope you enjoyed this. It's a little rushed, but I still think it's pretty okay. Criticism in the comments, please, and anymore suggestions.